

... THE ...

Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xii: 52.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN the death of the Nun of Kenmare Protestantism has lost an able advocate. She died on June 5, at Leamington, England, where she had resided for several years. Her funeral took place in Leamington cemetery on Thursday, June 8, and was attended by several friends, including two Protestant clergymen who officiated. Only a few weeks before her death we had a long letter from her secretary, Miss Holmes, who, in Miss Cusack's name, sent kind greetings to all in Christ's Mission.

She had a warm place in her heart for all who had come out of the Church of Rome and earnestly desired their conversion to Christ.

The pictures of the Nun of Kenmare show her in the garb of the religious order of the Sisters of Peace, of which she was the founder, and in her secular dress in later years. She was of medium height, dignified presence and graceful manners, a well bred lady. Her head was large, for it contained a massive brain. She was a great and good woman, and while the work she did for the Roman Catholic Church will perish, the truths she proclaimed in the cause of Protestantism will endure.

Miss Cusack Died a Protestant.

Before her death Miss Cusack had been for some time a sufferer from physical weakness, though her mind was as clear as ever. In that respect she was like Father Chiniquy, who retained consciousness to the last day of his life.

Like Father Chiniquy also, many efforts had been made to win Miss Cusack back to the Roman Catholic Church. But they were in vain. Like the fine old warrior and venerable confessor of the faith who said to the Roman Catholic archbishop of Montreal four days before his departure, "God and Jesus suffice me," so Miss Cusack died in the Protestant faith, trusting in Jesus.

Roman Catholic Misstatements.

Notwithstanding this old, old story about converted Catholics, and in face of the fact that Miss Cusack had remained firm in the Protestant faith, the Roman Catholic papers in this country stated that she had returned to the Roman Church. The New York *Freeman's Journal*, which is edited by Father Louis A. Lambert who attained notoriety by his controversy with the arch infidel Ingersoll, stated in its issue of June 10, 1899, that "Miss Cusack was reconciled and died in the Catholic faith." The "friends of Rome" in the daily press in all parts of the country made a similar statement. As soon as the facts relating to her death and burial reached us we sent the following letter to one of the New York papers read by all journalists, secular and religious:

To the Editor of The Sun:

SIR:—In the notice of the death of Miss Cusack, "the Nun of Kenmare," which appeared in the press generally on June 8, many of the papers stated that she had returned to the Roman Catholic Church. Will you please allow me to correct this misstatement. Miss Cusack was the mother superior of the convent of the Sisters of Peace in

Englewood, N. J., in 1888, when I received several letters from her in which she expressed her desire to leave the Roman Catholic Church, as she had lost faith in its doctrines and had no relish for its practices. Accordingly, in July of that year, she left the convent, and from that time until her death at Leamington, England, on June 5, she adhered to the Protestant faith.

As all editors read the *Sun*, I hope this correction will be noted by the papers that published her return to the Roman Catholic Church. This applies in particular to the editors of the Roman Catholic papers. Two of those journals in this city, the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Catholic News*, stated that Miss Cusack had become reconciled to the Roman Church before her death.

Honest journalism should set forth the facts of history, and as Miss Cusack had filled a large space in the conventual life of the Roman Catholic Church for thirty years, and had taken a conspicuous part in the Protestant controversy with the Church of Rome for the last eleven years of her life, in justice to her memory and to the cause of truth this correction should be made by all who were misled regarding her faith when dying.

I may add that Miss Cusack was buried in the Leamington cemetery on June 8; that in her last illness she was attended by the Rev. J. G. Gregory, incumbent of Christ Church (Protestant Episcopal), Leamington; and that the funeral service was conducted by Mr. Gregory and the Rev. G. E. A. Pargiter, vicar of St. Paul's (Church of England), no Roman Catholic priest or bishop being present. These facts are taken from the English press, especially from the *English Churchman* of London, June 15, 1899.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

Office of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC,
New York, June 26, 1899.

Forgiveness of Sins.

A Catholic's Questions Answered.

Q.—When a person goes to confession to a priest, must all sins be told?

A.—Yes; all you can remember; and you must carefully examine your conscience before you go to the priest. This examination must include all details of wrong-doing by thought, word or action; even such things as you would not mention to your dearest friend. And as the physician cannot diagnose your case without asking questions, so the priest must be informed of the condition of your heart, your conscience, your soul. As God sees your inmost thoughts, so must the priest.

Q. Cannot God forgive me if I confess to Him without going to a priest?

A. Certainly He can, and He will if you have repentance and faith.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin?"

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." (1 John.)

This is the promise of God to you. Why will you not believe it? If you turn away from sin and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, your sins are forgiven; you are pardoned as if you had never sinned; you are saved. The absolutions of the priests are like rotten ropes that are thrown to a drowning man. They can never bring him safely to shore. But the word of the Lord, is "Come to Me." Trust and obey, and He will save you. Give Him your heart and walk in the new life. If the heart be right before God, you need have no fear but He will lead you in the right way. This is His promise.

Hope For Spain.

Notwithstanding the great disaster that befell Spain in the recent war with this country there is hope for that people when they rise up against the Jesuits as they did at the funeral of the great Castelar, who died on May 26 and was buried at Madrid three days later. The press dispatches, dated Madrid, May 29, 1899, said:

"Immense crowds witnessed to-day the funeral of Senor Don Emilio Castelar, the distinguished Republican orator and statesman, who died at Murcia last Friday. All the public offices and most of the shops of the city were closed, and Madrid put on universal mourning.

"The guard of honor was furnished by the gendarmerie. As the funeral cortege crossed the Prado the Jesuits were hooted, and cries were raised of "Viva la Republica."

"The funeral was one of the most impressive sights within the memory of Madrilenians. More than a hundred thousand people, representing all classes of society, lined the route, and perfect order was maintained during almost the entire ceremony."

When a Roman Catholic nation like Spain gets rid of the Jesuits, there is hope for that country. The Jesuits are the personification of all that is distinctively Roman Catholic in doctrine and practice. The "liberal" Catholics have vainly tried to deny this, but the recent letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Cardinal Gibbons that has been so disastrous to the Paulist Fathers has settled that question. There is no liberalism in Romanism. It is now Jesuitism pure and undefiled, and all Roman Catholics must accept this condition or come out of the Roman Church altogether. A "good Catholic" will not "hoot" the Jesuits. When he hoots them he is more than half a Protestant. There is hope for Spain.

TESTIMONY OF A CONVERTED SYRIAN PRIEST.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT CHRIST'S MISSION, SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 18,
1899, BY REV. ANTONIUS SHARKIE.

THE Lord said: I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. (Mat. xxviii, 20.)

It is indeed presumptuous in me to stand forth before an audience of Americans, and deliver a speech before a people whom God has blessed with the knowledge of all arts and sciences. I beg only to make a few simple remarks informing you that I have at last received the grace of the fellowship of the truth through Jesus Christ. Rejoice ye therefore with me, and pray for me. For our Lord's saying "I am with you" meant the holy Church, that is to say, the assembly of the faithful, and He, the Most High, cannot fail in His promise; He is true to himself and true to us in all his promises. What did He do when He saw his Bride the Church, bought by His blood and so much cherished by His heart, become disfigured, and the lustre of her beauty eclipsed by many errors and superstitions, the inventions of men? Traditions and customs had covered entirely the original plan of his His divine teaching contained in His blessed Book. Only a few had preserved His Holy Book without addition or mutilation; they did not bend the knee to Baal. It was then that He raised heroic men and pious scholars to unveil His venerable Book and His divine teachings almost crushed to atoms under the ruins of weighty rites and heathen ceremonies which the Catholic Church added, and still adds every day. Those heroes were the great Luther, Calvin and those who followed them to make truth triumph and stand fearlessly for all that is written in the Holy Scriptures. He fortified them and confirmed them in the

truth, even to suffer the many tortures of which you are well informed, in those days when the Roman Catholic Church had touched the apogee of her usurpations and her influence. And now since that Reformation dawned upon the world, it seems to us as if we were carried back to those beautiful days of the apostles; because they taught as the apostles had taught, without addition or diminution of the truth. Just as in those apostolic times the eyes were never offended by such scenes as rites and images, nor by offices of the dead, nor by sacrifices offered to save souls from purgatory, nor indulgences, nor those other things of pure invention like the additional sacraments and the temporal power and confraternities of ropes and beads and scapulars, nor the adoration of niches and relics nor novenas and devotion of the sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary, nor religious orders, nor so many other things too long to mention.

But in Protestant Churches you will see only the Book of God and hear the preaching of His blessed Word. You will hear arguments and proofs of their teachings and unassailable quotations from Holy Scripture. Quite different indeed from Roman Catholic preaching based on human wisdom, quotations from saints and popes, and teaching of fallible, sinful human beings.

Now, alas! my friends, I must say that during eighteen years I was serving that Roman Catholic Church. For as many years I administered as parish priest in the diocese of Aleppo, in Syria. I have administered all of her sacraments according to the Roman Catholic Melchite rite. Being ignorant of the

truth, I have taught and directed the people of Aleppo into the way of error and superstition, not ordained by Christ nor known nor practiced by his Apostles. But now, my friends, the light of His grace has been given to me gratuitously. The Lord has shown me my errors, and oh ! how happy I

am to be able to say, now I am free through the knowledge of the truth ; as Christ said: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." I have come away from all the errors and superstitions of the past, and I thank God I am now a Protestant Christian and a child of God.



Rev. Antonius Sharkie, the Converted Syrian Priest.

I have yearned to tell you this in order that you may rejoice with me, for I have found my lamb which had gone astray, and this is none other than my soul bought by the precious blood of Christ who has saved me and paid the debt of all my sins. Know ye all that I am fully aware that my past

works are like a stained rag in the presence of His Divine Majesty, and that I have no hope of salvation but through faith in Jesus Christ who wants all to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. He has loved me unto the end; it is therefore my duty to love Him and serve Him with all my heart.

I do not hope to be saved by my work or service, but by the work and grace of the Holy Spirit in my soul. My salvation is assured through the merits of Christ, His acceptable mediation and the great work of redemption which He wrought. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life. He sent not His Son to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

Now I beseech the Most High to grant me wisdom to warn and teach truth instead of error to my countrymen, many of whom live in America, and to those in Syria and Arabia, and especially to my own people in Aleppo, where I was born and passed all my days until I came to America six months ago. I love those people and they love me, and I wish to tell them the truth of the Gospel.

For the last six months I have been favored with the protection and kindness of the pastor of Christ's Mission, the Rev. James A. O'Connor. I know I have been a great trial to him, the Arabian tongue being my only one, and he being able to talk to me only through a dictionary; so you may well guess how great his patience must be, as he must find out each word and make me understand its meaning in plain English. Add to this a tender care worthy of those who are called the disciples of Christ: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." So Dr. O'Connor has loved me and bestowed upon me all the kindness of his heart, his home, and instruction in the word of God and in the way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.

And now, thank God, I have become a member of the Christian flock. I am happy for having at last reached the end which my heart longed for during

so many years. I have abandoned my fatherland and a mother still living, and brothers and sisters and friends, and renounced a position of great dignity, honor and wealth.

But I have been compensated by my acquaintanceship with this great country; yea, I have gained more than all this, the salvation of my soul, the peace of my conscience, and the joy of possessing the truth. This great and noble nation that God Almighty has blessed, is now my country, for I have taken out my naturalization papers as an American citizen. May God bless her. May He make her grow in religion, in population, in health, in prosperity, in influence and justice, and make her go on from progress unto progress, keeping pace with the forward advance of the Christian Church, in whose bosom I hope to live and die.

Mr. Sharkie came to Christ's Mission six months ago with commendatory letters from the Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, the distinguished Presbyterian missionary in Beyrout, Syria, and also from the Rev. Mr. Christie, the English Presbyterian missionary in Aleppo. Mr. Sharkie was the chief priest in the the Bishop's Cathedral at Aleppo and with seven other priests administered the affairs of the church. By his study of the Bible he was led to see wherein the Roman Church had departed from the truth, and after many secret conferences with a native Presbyterian missionary and Mr. Christie he came to this country. The history of his spiritual struggles for light and truth was told in the March **CONVERTED CATHOLIC**. In confessing Christ this priest had to sacrifice everything that the world prizes—rank, position, family and friends. But, as he says, he has been compensated by the possession of the truth of God as revealed in His Word and communicated to him by the Holy Spirit.

CONVERTS FROM ROME—A REMARKABLE SHOWING.

LETTERS FROM MANY PRIESTS WHO HAVE RECENTLY LEFT THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SOME of the following letters have recently appeared in various journals in Europe and in this country. We were pleased to see them in the *Boston American Citizen*. We hope they will be reproduced in other papers, and thus widely circulated.

Rev. Alex. Robertson, D. D., for many years a resident of Venice, recently stated in the *London Christian* that when he had, at times, asked Italian parents if they intended to make a priest of one of their sons, the answer has invariably been: "No! no! I want my son to have a respectable calling!" Dr. Robertson further states that the ranks of the priesthood in Italy are recruited from the outcasts of society—"the streetwaifs" and others of that stamp, especially the monks.

This has been the case with Ireland for a long time. The average priest who comes to the United States is from "the very lowest families." To be sure there are exceptions, but the exceptions are those who are constantly leaving Rome, or who are known as "bad Catholics" or "liberal Catholics." Their Church cannot hold these in bands of steel as she does the lower element in the priesthood.

From all parts of the civilized world at present come reports of priests leaving Rome, and it is interesting to read the reasons they give for this step. From the *Foreign Church Chronicle* of London (a quarterly magazine) for December, 1898, and March, 1899, we take the following:

Many Priests Converted.

One of the latest cases of the secessions is of a Belgian priest. The Abbe Rochez, curate of Montigny-sur Sombre,

has withdrawn from the Roman Catholic Church and joined the ranks of the converts. He quietly retired from his office, but the priest of the parish wrote a letter to him and read it from the pulpit, in which he besought his unhappy friend to pay regard to the agony, martyrdom and despair of his family, and to consider that in time and eternity he would henceforth have cast in his face the words unfrocked, apostate, renegade, perjured. If he would say an Ave Maria the bandage would fall from his eyes. M. Rochez replied to him, pointing out that there was little true sympathy shown by publicly reading such a letter as he had written, instead of addressing it to him in private. He continues:

"You say that they can throw in my face the words unfrocked, apostate, renegade, perjured. There is only one class that would make use of such insulting expressions, and that is the class which the Christian religion especially forbids to make use of them. This is their way of practising Christianity.

"Unfrocked. Yes, I am glad of it. It is better than being frocked like so many others who have nothing of the priest about them except the frock.

"Apostate. It is a gross word, very ill employed. A man is not made an apostate by abandoning past error in order to proceed in the future towards truth. I could conscientiously hold my position in the Church as long as I thought it pure and true, but I am following the way that God leads me in quitting it when I have found it false.

"Renegade. One is not a renegade when he only denies error. It is the way in which Jesus acted when He was

baptized by John the Baptist, and the apostles when they abandoned Judaism to found Christianity, which has now so unhappily degenerated into sacerdotalism.

"Perjured. No, never! I am faithful to my oath to be sincere, honorable, just, and I should be so no longer if I remained in the Church, in which I no longer put trust.

"The bandage has not to fall from my eyes. It has fallen. I have only to ask pardon of those who have been my hearers for having unknowingly preached and propagated error, and introduced it into their mind and heart. My excuse is that I was myself blinded and deceived; but this excuse would no longer avail me if I had continued to keep them in ignorance after having myself become clear of sight.

"I forgive those who have tried to insult me for escaping their tyranny, happy as I am in having at last found peace for my conscience and liberty, truth and justice." This letter was written September 11, 1898.

A Corsican Priest.

The Rev. Mr. Po, formerly curate of San Gavino in Corsica, gave up his position and addressed the following letter to his bishop:

"My Lord—My conscience has long been urging me to leave the Roman Church. An earnest study of the Holy Scriptures has brought me to the conviction that Rome in her doctrines and practices has separated herself by a long distance from the teaching of Christ.

"The Protestant Reformation seemed to me more agreeable to the Gospel and to my aspirations, by declaring that man has only to listen to God and his conscience.

"I have decided, therefore, after long reflection and a painful struggle, to embrace the Reformed religion. Now I have found through the Gospel

of Christ conviction and peace of heart, which Romanism could not give me.

"In separating from the Roman Church I recognize with respect the simple, pious souls which bow before her altars, but I condemn with all my energy the Roman system, and I cannot be of the number of those priests who, no longer believing in her, have not the courage to avow it. For want of any other merit, your lordship will, I hope, give me credit for frankness. Accept, my lord, the assurance of my respect.
J. Po."

A Priest Now a Lawyer.

M. Ferdinand Tarroux has cast in his lot with the converted priests. He was formerly priest of Albi. For eight years he occupied himself in literature, contending for the divinity of Christ against Renan, and publishing letters on socialism and other questions of the day, as well as making himself proficient in modern languages. In 1896 he became a barrister, and is now acting in that capacity in Paris.

The French Converted Priests.

The Abbe Claveau, cure of Poce, in the diocese of Tours, wrote as follows to his bishop on October 12, 1898:

"My Lord:—You demand from me a declaration of adherence to Pope Pius IVth's profession of faith, and you add that it is useless for me to present myself before you if I am not able to sign it. I have the honor of replying to you that my conscience does not permit me to give you this signature.

"All is now over between us. I am no longer a priest or a member of the Roman Church. I am a Christian, a follower of Jesus Christ, whom I henceforth regard as my one Master and Saviour. That suffices me; He is all in all for me.
Y. CLAVEAU."

In another letter he wrote:

"You would not wish that a simple

layman, much less a priest, should act against his conscience by continuing hypocritically to teach what he no more believes to be the truth, and to preach absolute submission to the Roman Church, which history has shown him to be nothing but a society of men who attribute to themselves the sovereign power of governing the spiritual world in the name of God and of Christ, but in reality have recourse to every ruse of politics, and accept every compromise with the powers that be, in order to keep a shadow of temporal domination over men and governments.

"Can this church really call herself the universal and spiritual Church of Christ, the 'Kingdom of Heaven' spoken of in the Gospel, of which the Saviour said during His passion, 'My kingdom is not of this world?' Would it not be an act of hypocrisy for me to continue to go up to the altar to fulfil rites in which, by the testimony of Christ himself and His apostles, I can recognize only a commemoration of His last supper with His apostles? Would it not be hypocritical in me to believe myself invested with a power reserved to God alone, that of pardoning of sins, after having first exacted a detailed knowledge of them by a vexatious inquisition? Was auricular confession obligatory on the early Christians? I regard it as a certain school for teaching lying to children, and a terrible form of immorality to youth and mature age; while it is a grave danger to sincere and honorable priests.

"I ask myself why celibacy of the clergy (the relative utility of which I do not contest, and which I respect in those who keep it in all purity) is imposed under pain of sin in the Latin part of the Roman Church, while marriage is permitted and even enjoined upon priests in the East? Why impose upon the priests irrevocable promises, when Christ and His faithful interpreter

St. Paul regarded them as essentially temporary? What a clever way it is to lead children and young men, unconsciously but certainly, to sacrifice themselves and their most sacred liberties, nobly but blindly, to the Church of Rome, for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls! And what do you thus make of his conscience but a slave, waiting for the painful, or rather blessed moment, when, at last delivered, he can say with the apostle, 'I have been apprehended by Jesus Christ?'

"My reasons as an honest man, and my conscience as a faithful Christian, energetically refuse to play the part of a hypocrite; for that is what I should be if I retained the direction of a parish any longer, or if I held any other Roman ecclesiastical office.

"You have the reputation, my lord, of being a broad-minded and generous man, with a heart of gold. Without doubt you will suffer from my decision, but I am convinced that in your heart you will commend it, and that you will not judge it otherwise than as it really is—that is, the cry of a sincere conscience, a Christian's above all things, firmly and forever attached by faith and love to the one Christ, our Saviour and Judge."

Letter From an Italian Priest.

In the same month Giovanni di Casamichela, an Italian priest, published the following declaration of faith:

"If I have left the pale of the Roman Church to become a Protestant I have not forgotten the remembrances of my childhood, the altar adorned with flowers before which I bent my youthful head, the grand harmony of the organ, the deep and solemn chants, the light glittering through the panes and playing on the flagstones among the kneeling congregation. No. I have not forgotten the solemn cross stretching its arms over the tombs of those we

loved most on earth. If there is among all the images one that I venerate, a sacred image, it is that of the Sufferer on Calvary, of the Martyr nailed to the wood of infamy, wounded and crowned with thorns, who in His anguish pardons His executioners.

"To this day it is with emotion that I listen to the distant call of bells, making the valleys echo to their bronze voices. In hours of sadness I love to meditate in a silent and solitary church, under the influence of the prayers and sighs and tears of so many generations that have sought comfort there.

"But one question arises, a question which many of my brothers have already solved by thought and study. All this magnificence, which affects the senses and touches the heart, all these artistic exhibitions, the pomp of Roman rites and the brilliancy of her ceremonies—are they not all like a shining veil which hides poverty of ideas and inadequate teaching? Is it not the consciousness of her inability to satisfy the higher faculties of the soul, intelligence, judgment and reason, which has forced the Church of Rome into the path of external and material pomp?

"Protestantism, on the contrary, is more sober. If it disdains forms and shows, it is to bring forward all the better the grandeur of the idea and the purity of evangelical teaching. It establishes the unique authority of the conscience; it worships God in spirit and in truth; step by step, consequence after consequence, it has logically reached free examination, and hence a philosophy. We know all the sublimity of the doctrine of Christ; we know that it is above all, the doctrine of love, and the religion of piety, of compassion, and of the brotherhood of men.

"But is it the doctrine of Jesus that the Roman Church teaches? Has His Word come to us pure and without adulteration, and is the interpretation

that the church gives us free from all strange or parasitic growth? There is no graver question, none more worthy of the meditation of thinkers and of the attention of all those who love and seek for truth.

"A deep study of the Gospel has led me to the conviction that Rome has departed from the teachings of Christ in her dogmas as well as in her liturgical practices. After much hesitation I decided to become a Protestant, and find that peace of heart, with the freedom of the children of God, which Roman Catholicism is incapable of giving.

"Above all vain controversies and barren disputes there is one thing beyond the ken of critics: it is that aspiration of the human soul toward an eternal ideal, which supports it in the hour of great resolutions.

"But where will man find the sure way which will take him to God? Whence can he draw the strong conviction which will guide him from stage to stage towards the supreme goal of existence? What is to be the faith of the future?

"Material and transitory forms of religion pass, but religious ideas, pure belief, free from lower forms, is indestructible. Religious forms will pass, like all manifestations of thought; they cannot escape the law of progress which governs beings. The faith of the future, which I already see arising from the mist of shadow, will be the religion of the Gospel. It will be the faith which will reign over society and in the hearts of men, and it will put an end to the antagonism which prevails between the religion of the Pope and the faith of the Christ. Science will become religious, and religion will become scientific; doubt will be dispelled by faith."

An Armenian Priest's Statement.

M. Eugene Smetz, a Capuchin missionary in Armenia, has addressed the following letter to his superior:

Reverend Father :—I have the honor to inform you that henceforward I cease to belong to the Order of the Capuchins and to the Roman Church.

" I have left the Church of Rome.

" Five years ago I was sent to the East as a missionary apostolic ; for the first time in my life I found myself face to face with Protestantism, obliged to fight against it, and, consequently, to know what it teaches. After a course of impartial study I came to this conclusion : that one cannot be a perfect Christian unless one ceases to be Roman Catholic, and that it is impossible to belong to the Church of Christ without turning one's back on the Roman Church and its superstitions.

" The question is to discover where the doctrine of Christ and His apostles is taught in all its purity. I have no longer to choose between Christ and the Pope, between the Gospel and its counterfeit, between the teaching of the apostles and dogmas of human invention, between the liberty of the children of God and the abuses of a hierarchy that tyrannizes over the conscience. My choice is made, and made irrevocably. In becoming a Protestant I have found Christ—not as He appeared to me formerly, in an indefinite, misty distance, disfigured and almost emaciated by the veil which Roman trickery throws over Him—but the true Christ of the Gospel, the one Redeemer and Mediator between God and man. I have learned to go to Him with no intermediary, like the crowds who pressed upon His steps during the time of His mortal life. He suffices for me. He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

" Perhaps you will feel that you must pity the author of this scandal, and pray for his repentance. If such is the case, I beg to say that I am in no way to be pitied, and what I have to repent is that I did not earlier leave a church in which I have suffered so much.

Conversions in Austria.

In the *Times* of London, England, of April 6, the following despatch, dated Vienna April 5, occupies a prominent position :

" The circumstance that Herr Wolf, the well-known leader of the Pan Germanic party in the Reichsrath, together with his whole family, passed over to the Protestant Church last week, is calculated to give fresh stimulus to the movement of conversion now going on throughout the country. During holy week a number of conversions took place at the very Catholic town of Linz, in Upper Austria. Further cases of conversion are reported from Graz and other places in Styria, but by far the most striking instances of the kind are those in the devotedly Catholic district of the Tyrol.

" After affecting for a long time to ignore the whole movement, the Catholic organs have at last been compelled to notice it. They do so in a tone of despondency which is quite intelligible. The most important of them, the *Vaterland*, remarks that its promoters trifle publicly with God and His commandments. Another periodical, describing itself as the organ of the Austrian nobility, is still more severe. It observes that this year Eastertide in Vienna and in all Austria is darkened by sad and painful events—thousands are deserting the Catholic Church out of purely political motives, and are adopting false doctrines, which have long been on the wane in other countries. It stigmatizes the two leaders of the movement—Herr Wolf and Herr Schonerer—as servants of Satan. It further speaks of their 'bestial howlings,' and accuses them of being quite indifferent as to what form of Protestantism is accepted, as they themselves are in reality partisans of that terrible form of heathenism practised by the early Germans, including human sacrifice and a superstitious nature wor-

ship, which wrought such havoc in the civilized world, and threw back human progress for fifteen centuries. This obviously refers to the overthrow of Rome by the barbarians. The same organ characterizes the Protestant agitation as an immoral movement which can only transfer to the evangelical communities lukewarm proselytes and persons who are dangerous to the State."

In the *Times* of April 7 there is another despatch occupying more than a column of space, in which the question of desertions from Rome is further dealt with by another correspondent, and in which it is shown that these desertions are likely to increase in volume, and have important results in national and international affairs, as the converts to Protestantism invariably range themselves on the progressive side. Subsequent issues of the *Times* deal further with the subject, each despatch or special letter showing to what enormous proportions the revolt against Romanism has now grown.

Conversions at Home.

Some Roman Catholics are always present at the services in Christ's Mission, and as the Word of the Lord shall not return unto Him void there are many conversions. Letters from converts also continue to come to us. The Rev. Newton Wray of the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church sends the following from a young man who recently became a member of his church, and who is a most interested reader of **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC**. This letter shows the danger to intelligent minds in passing from Romanism to infidelity. Only the Gospel of the grace of God, preached in the power of the Holy Spirit, can save such persons. This young man is a representative of many Catholics who by faithful preaching are brought to Christ.

Leptondale, N. Y., March 24, 1899.

I was born on the 13th day of April, 1874, in the city of Bayreuth, of devout Roman Catholic parents, by whom I was reared in the faith of Rome. Yet, in my early boyhood I differed from that Church. I was in a state of perplexity. The way the Lord God our heavenly Father was represented to me did not seem right. I found him a severe judge whom I could not learn to love. The withholding of the Bible, the real truth, seemed suspicious to me. So it happened that at an early age I doubted the words and teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, and I longed to be free from the service of Romanism.

I left home on the 22nd day of August, 1890, and sailed for the land of freedom. Without a soul that cared for me, I became an unbeliever and gave no ear to the still small voice, whose warning grew fainter and fainter day by day. Like a wreck in mid-ocean, I was tossed about by my thoughts. Life became a burden. To live and labor, to die without a reward was the thought which kept my mind in a continual uproar. Eight years passed in this way. About one year ago, through the earnest labor of one of God's faithful servants, the Rev. Newton Wray, I became enlightened in God's mercy and in our Saviour Jesus Christ. God bless him! To-day I am rejoicing in the Lord. Happiness dwells in my heart, for I had learned the truth. I know that my Father in heaven has forgiven me for Christ's sake, and I am sure of a welcome to His home. I enjoy reading the Bible, from which alone the truth can be learned. Oh! that every sin-burdened soul could enjoy God's love as I do to-day! He is more to me than all the world with its deceivable things that cannot last. Never again can I return to the Roman Church, where there is darkness and ignorance, where fear rules instead of love. M. NEFF.

The Searchlight of St. Hippolitus.

BY REV. FRANCIS WATRY.

This is the title of an attractive volume written by Parke P. Flournoy, and published by the Revell Company.

St. Hippolitus was born about fifty years after the death of the Apostle John. He was a man of saintly character and a voluminous writer. His statue is in the Vatican at Rome and his name is among the saints of the Roman calendar. One of his works entitled "Philosophomena; or Refutation of all Heresies," had long been lost, but was found more than fifty years ago among the treasures of early Christian literature in a monastery. The author gives an interesting account of its discovery and calls it "a veritable searchlight on men and affairs in the church in Rome before and after the year 200.

In his "Refutations of all Heresies" St. Hippolytus gives us an insight into the lives and teachings of Zephyrinus and Calixtus, whose names appear in the list of the popes of Rome, and who were his contemporaries. These two are also among the Roman saints. But if what Hippolitus tells us is true, their sanctity was of a peculiar kind. But that is only of passing interest to us. Nor is that the point Mr. Flournoy wishes to make. The author's object is rather to show that these two individuals who are numbered among the popes and who are generally believed to have occupied the so called chair of St. Peter from A. D. 197 to 222 were not popes at all, and that, indeed, the papacy was unknown in the third century. St. Hippolitus, who lived at the same time and was personally acquainted with both, does not speak of them as popes in any sense of the word. His account of them is such that Roman Catholic writers like Cardinal Newman, declare it "incredible that a man so singularly

honored as St. Hippolitus should be the author of that malignant libel on his contemporary popes." To which Dr. Schaff replied that "dogma versus history was as unavailing as the pope's bull against a comet."

To one interested in the claims of the Roman Church this book furnishes some very interesting and valuable information. How wonderful the ways of Providence! Hippolitus wrote, but his book was lost. In the meantime he was declared a saint by the Roman Church. As a saint he must be at least a truthful witness. Rome cannot deny that; else what becomes of her saints? And if he is a faithful and true witness he has well-nigh demolished the claim of Rome that her bishop has always exercised supreme authority over the universal Church, or that he was recognized as pope at that time. And so Rome herself furnishes us the saint whose testimony destroys her greatest claim. The book will repay careful perusal. The price is \$1.25. It can be had at this office.

A Free Fund for the Magazine.

The following letter from New England shows that there should be a fund for sending THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC to such readers:

DEAR SIR:—Please discontinue my magazine. I shall miss it. You have undertaken a difficult task. No one can appreciate it more than I do. It requires wonderful patience to make people see who "won't see;" convinced—but will not be converted. You have my gratitude, my respect and love for the undertaking you have chosen for your life work. It is so hard to make those outside understand that Protestant Christianity is one religion. Hoping it will not be long before I shall be able to receive my magazine again, I am, sincerely your friend, J. C. M.

Returning to Christ.

THE Paulist Fathers of this city are suffering from the Pope's condemnation of their "Americanism," that is, their desire to bring the Roman Catholic Church into harmony with American and liberal ideas. As a consequence they are embarrassed by their "Mission to Protestants," and would like to be relieved of the work. In a recent issue of their little paper, *The Missionary*, they commend the work of the Passionist Fathers in that line. They would like to see the holy fathers whom Mr. Baumann so graphically describes, engaged in the fruitless efforts to turn Protestants from Christ and the Bible to the Virgin Mary and the Pope. The few "converts" the Paulists have entrapped closed their Bibles when they entered the fold of Rome and offered their prayers to the Virgin and saints instead of to the One Mediator between God and Man. Now many of these unfortunate persons are coming back to Christ. Several cases have come to our knowledge recently where the eyes of these "converts to Rome" have been opened and they are looking for a way of returning to the religion of Christ. When they went over to Rome, the Jesuits and Paulists sent full accounts of the "distinguished converts" to the news agencies of the daily press. Respectable papers like the *New York Tribune* paid no attention to these communications, or dismissed them with a few lines; but sensational journals like the *Herald* printed whatever was received from the "fathers" about these persons. Now, however, the Pope's condemnation has had its effect even upon these journals. The last two Protestant Episcopal ministers who became Roman Catholics were at first lauded by the press, but the *New York Herald* was compelled to admit (by pressure from Bishop Potter?) that one

of them was a crank of the worst kind and the other was well known in New York as a "man about town." The *New York Tribune*, March 17, 1899, had the following item regarding one of these individuals:

Bishop Potter gave notice to the clergy of the diocese yesterday of the recent deposition from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Rev. R. T. Nichol. He was until lately, when he renounced the Episcopal faith for the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, sub warden of the Sisterhood of St. John the Baptist, a community of religious women in East Seventeenth street.

Later the bishop deposed the other, against whom most serious charges had been alleged before he became a Roman Catholic.

When honest but misguided Protestants who have been seduced by the scarlet woman of Rome become disgusted with their surroundings they quietly withdraw from the Roman Church, and in nine cases out of ten they do so without publicity. We have great sympathy for such persons and gladly help them to an understanding of the differences between Romanism and the Christian religion. We advise them to retire quietly from the Roman Church and by faith and prayer come to Christ the loving Saviour. They have been deceived. Their path in returning to the Christian faith is a thorny one. But the Lord is gracious and merciful, and the blessed Saviour means what He says when He bids them "Come to Me and I will give you rest."

Last month a priest who had been a Paulist and was at the Catholic University in Washington with our beloved brother, the Rev. James T. McGovern, came to Christ's Mission and received a hearty greeting. By a special providence Brother McGovern was present at the long and prayerful interview with this priest, and as the three of us knelt in prayer the power of God was manifest.

THE NUN OF KENMARE--IN MEMORIAM.

A MEMORIAL service for Miss Mary Francis Cusack, universally known as "The Nun of Kenmare," who died in England, June 5, 1899, was held in Christ's Mission, Sunday evening, June 11, 1899. Pastor O'Connor preached to a large congregation, and the Roman Catholics present were as much in sympathy with what he said in eulogy of this distinguished woman as were the Christian friends who had admired her for the great work she had done in the last eleven years for the cause of truth and righteousness. The Rev. James T. McGovern, formerly a member of the Society of the Paulist Fathers, took part in the service also. While he was with the Paulists he heard much of the Nun of Kenmare and of the great loss the Roman Church had suffered when she became a Protestant.

Pastor O'Connor spoke with much feeling of the Nun of Kenmare and his relations with her, which were always harmonious, ever since as a boy he met her in Killarney, Ireland, when he was at school in St. Brendan's Seminary, and she was passing through that town to establish a convent of the Order of Poor Clares in Kenmare. Below is given a sketch of her life and work.

Miss Cusack was the daughter of a distinguished physician in Dublin, and was connected with some of the best families in England and Ireland. Forty years ago Sir Ralph Cusack was what would now be called a railroad king in Ireland. All of the members of the family were Protestants, communicants of the Church of England, and Miss Cusack continued in that faith until her twenty second year. Then an event occurred which changed the course of her life and turned it into a channel that led to a sea of troubles.

She had become engaged to an estimable gentleman and looked forward to her marriage with the most joyous anticipation. But he died suddenly a few days before the time set for the wedding. In her book, "The Story of My Life," published in 1893, she relates the incidents connected with this tragic event as follows:

"As a young girl, I believe I thought less of love or marriage than others of my age. I was interested in scientific pursuits and in general literature, and had already promised myself a career as an author. Several little tales which I had written had been accepted and published in religious magazines.

"But now a new interest had entered into my life, and I knew what it was to care for one who was in every way worthy of my love. Charlie H—— was the friend and dear companion of my brother's early years. I did not know, until he told me himself much later, that he had loved me from the first hour he had seen me as a child. But he did not speak of his love until we were quite grown up, and I was of an age when some one else might win what he had so long desired for his own. He was a very handsome man, in the full vigor of youth and health. We were, our friends said, a happy contrast to each other. He was fair, I was dark; his eyes were bright, clear and keen, and for a man he had an unusually fresh color.

"My brother had also become engaged to his sister. We had always been attached to the family; and, indeed, I thought as much of his home as I did of my home. We had lived near each other in England, and when I was summoned to Ireland to see my father, who was ill, my dear one accompanied me to

the railway station in London, where we parted with many promises of a speedy return and of many letters during my absence. I parted from him somewhat sadly. Even before our parting I had a presentiment that we would never be

married. I well remember the spot on which I stood in a fair Devonshire lane when I said to his sister, 'I know that Charlie and I will never be married.' She smiled at my fears, but could not remove them.



**The Nun of Kenmare, in the Convent
Garb as Mother Superior of
the Sisters of Peace.**

"We parted. We shall meet again within the golden gates. I went on my way, and the following Sunday while at a friend's house a letter was received by a special messenger. It brought the fatal intelligence that my loved one was dead. He was ill only a

few hours. When I was made to realize the terrible fact that I was bereaved and desolate, that the one speck of brightness which had come into my life was forever quenched, I fell into a blessed state of unconsciousness, from which I often asked why I was recalled.

For two years Miss Cusack was an invalid, suffering in mind and body. In that condition she met Dr. Pusey, the famous ritualist, and entered one of his convents. She remained there four years, passing the time in "monotonous work and religious services which were Protestant imitations of Catholic prac-

tices." Then she went over to Rome, and for thirty years was a genuine nun in various convents. She became the greatest nun in the Roman Catholic Church. She was honored by the Pope, bishops and priests, and by English statesmen as no other nun had been; and the common people loved her.



Miss Cusack in her secular dress after she had left the Convent forever.

If Miss Cusack had remained faithful to the Church of Rome and died in that faith she would have been canonized. No woman who has been canonized exceeded her in good works for that Church. She wrote more books in eulogy of Roman Catholicism, ministered more lovingly and effectually to the

poor and collected more money for the institutions of Rome than any other woman in the history of that Church. Pope Pius favored her in a signal manner and blessed her many times with indulgences etc., and Leo XIII. bestowed on her the highest mark of approval in blessing the religious Order she founded.

The Nun of Kenmare's experience of convent life was similar to that of all who have written truthfully on the subject. There are no more wretched and unhappy beings in the world than the refined women who pass their days behind convent walls. The inferior class of women find the material state of existence there very comfortable, for they are provided with all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life.

The sad story of her life is told in her books, yet during her whole time in the convent her head and heart and hands were engaged in working for others. As a Roman Catholic she wrote more books than any other member of that Church in this century. She was a tireless worker. A list of her books, which were known as "The Kenmare Publications," so called from the town in the south of Ireland where she passed most of her convent life, includes an illustrated History of Ireland, The Life of St. Patrick, The Life of Pope Pius IX., The Life of Abp. Dixon, The Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude, A Nun's Advice to Her Girls, The Pilgrim's Way to Heaven, Jesus and Jerusalem, The Book of the Blessed Ones, The Students' History of Ireland, etc.

Why did such a woman at sixty years of age leave the convent which she had founded, and of which she was mother superior, and renounce the faith of Rome, to the advocacy of which she had given the best years of her life? She was a noble woman, of exalted virtue, with a great intellect, and a heart that loved the poor and unfortunate. All of her gifts and graces were devoted to the service of the Roman Catholic Church, to the propagation of its faith, to the building up of its institutions. She had access to the palaces of the great and the hovels of the poor, and everywhere she went, in the printed page or by personal visitation, she bore testimony to the strength and power of

the Roman organization. "You have deserved well of the whole Church," said Pope Pius IX. in a letter to the Nun of Kenmare, "you have placed before the eyes of the world the benefits received through the Catholic religion so clearly that they can no longer be questioned." Why did such a woman leave the Church of Rome and return to Protestantism? That question will be answered in future articles.

Meanwhile, it is only necessary to say that the Nun of Kenmare, after several months' correspondence with the Editor of this Magazine in 1888, left the convent forever and returned to the Protestant faith. In July of that year a telegram from her summoned us to meet her at Jersey City, and we accompanied her to New York, where she breathed the air of religious freedom once more. It was not the first time we had met, as she relates in her interesting volume, "The Story of My Life." She says on page 147 :

"A curious incident occurred on the morning after our arrival in Killarney. Of course we had to assist at the bishop's mass before we partook of the limited breakfast which Mrs. O'Hagan allowed us. I noticed a very devout "altar boy," who I was told was preparing for the priesthood. I think he was about twelve years of age. He was a favorite with the bishop and everyone else, and looked upon as a youth of great promise. The lad had heard already of my literary fame, and was, as boys would be, anxious to shake hands with the authoress. The favor, such as it was, he obtained. I never saw or heard of my youthful admirer for long years after, when I met him in New York as the converted priest, Father O'Connor, well known and deeply respected. How little either of us could have imagined on that October morning what the future would bring forth for us!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRONG AS DEATH.—A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY ELIZABETH ARROTT WELLS. AUTHOR OF "ST. ULRICH,"

"LOYAL TO THE KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

The story begins after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The principal characters are Lady Isabel de Beaumont, still in the prime of life, and her adopted children, Adrien and Marie, whose history is shrouded in mystery. Adrien, having entered the army, is sent on a mission to Nismes. He encounters a dying Huguenot pastor, and obtains his Testament as a souvenir. "Jean the Watchman" is a Huguenot in disguise among the royal troopers. Father Jerome, the village household confessor, is succeeded by the noble-minded Father Augustine, the confessor during Lady Isabel's childhood. During a hunting expedition Adrien disappears; he reappears mysteriously through means known only to Father Augustine and Antoine, the aged steward. The pastor's Testament brings salvation to Father Augustine, Lady Isabel and Adrien. Their heresy is discovered through Marie's aid, and it is decided that Lady Isabel and Adrien must retire to a secret chamber. The enemy arrives, and a band of soldiers surround the castle. Antoine warns Adrien and Lady Isabel. The signal is given, Lady Isabel secures her jewels and then goes to the secret chamber. Adrien is seized, but Father Augustine is found dead on his bed. Jean the Watchman is one of the soldiers on guard and secretly arranges with Antoine for his lady's welfare. Their watchword is to be "Strong as Death." In her retreat Lady Isabel discovers an important letter from one "William Arroch." A deadly epidemic appears in the valley. Father Vincent succumbs to it, leaving Ignatius supreme in the castle. Soon the latter takes the fever. A plan is formed by which Lady Isabel escapes in disguise from the castle, reaching a spot where she is left to await a new escort. She goes to another hiding place. With her new friends she attends a secret assembly of the Church of the Desert. An attendant is needed by one friendly to the Huguenots who is about to sail for Scotland. Lady Isabel meeting all the requirements of the passport prepared for another person, she is conveyed to Marseilles to fill this position. Her journey thither was an eventful one, but she arrived the evening before the vessel sails at the house of M. Rousillon near Marseilles. While on her way to the ship Lady Isabel is discovered by Father Jerome, who starts in pursuit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Master, I set my seal that Thou art true,
Of Thy good promise not one thing hath failed !
And I would send a ringing challenge forth,
To all who know Thy name, to tell it out,
Thy faithfulness to every word,
Thy loving kindness crowning all the days ! *

—F. R. H.

As M. Rousillon and the priest were about to start the latter espied a waving

handkerchief, the owner being concealed behind a pile of merchandise. She, too, instantly recognized the new comers, but with perfect calmness she continued her farewell to Lady Isabel, and then quietly disappeared without her father seeing her.

"There is her companion," the priest cried; "our bird has flown! Did you see the woman as she waved her farewell?"

"Where?" he asked. "I see no one."

"Do not stop to look," the priest exclaimed impatiently. "Rather hasten or we will lose our prey."

"Willingly M. Rousillon bent to the oar, knowing well that it was useless to compete with Sandy Cameron, whose stalwart arms were now sweeping Lady Isabel so quickly towards freedom.

The good captain of the Bruce had observed the pursuers, and orders were issued for instant departure upon the boat's arrival.

Before M. Rousillon had accomplished half the distance Sandy had reached the ship and safely deposited his prize.

"It is useless to go further," said M. Rousillon, panting from his unusual exertion. "See, the sails are set, and the wind and tide favor them. All are against us!"

Much chagrined, Father Jerome was forced to agree, and they turned back.

"It would have been impossible also to have secured the other," he remarked at last. "Are you sure you did not see her?" and he regarded his companion suspiciously.

"I saw no one on the pier, your reverence," he answered quietly, "but the official and a few sailors. It is still very early. Can you describe this woman?"

"Her face was partly concealed by her arm as she held it aloft. I fear I could not possibly identify her." But, he added blandly. "you, my good man, have done your very best and will receive your due reward." So saying he relapsed into silence. The longer he meditated the more thoroughly convinced was he that Lady Isabel had finally escaped him.

When they reached the pier the good ship was quite under way, and as if the sight were unbearable, Father Jerome turned quickly away, leaving M. Rousillon to go unquestioned.

Captain McTavish, the commander of "The Bruce," took keen delight in aiding the escape of Huguenots, but never had he welcomed one with greater satisfaction.

"So this is the lady's maid," he remarked to Sandy knowingly, for the sailor was his most trusted confidant. "Well, I fear we shall have two invalids on our hands. New business for us, old fellow!"

Then turning to Lady Isabel he offered his arm, saying in quite good French, "Allow me, Mademoiselle, to introduce you to your new mistress, who is now resting in the cabin."

Poor Lady Isabel! As she felt the gentle motion of the ship her brain reeled and she clung helplessly to the Captain.

"Be quick!" he shouted, "Pillows and coverlet! The lady can go no further."

With gratitude she yielded to Sandy's kind ministrations and soon found herself comfortably resting on his improvised couch; even taking without a murmur the bitter draught prepared for her.

Gradually the gentle breezes fanned her to sleep, and with pitying eyes, the Captain and Sandy silently watched beside her.

It was late in the afternoon when she awoke, to find another face bending

over her. Was it a dream? If so, she would not dispel it by word or motion.

Suddenly a tear fell upon her face and the stranger's lips moved. "Ai-mee!" they murmured tenderly and she knew it was a blessed reality. Elizabeth Arnaud stood beside her!

With a cry of wonder and joy Lady Isabel threw her arms about her old friend.

"Little did I imagine the great happiness in store for me!" she said at last. Often I have wondered how I could enjoy liberty while you, my dear friend, still languished in the Tower.

"How good our dear Lord has been to us! And now—" the lady paused but it was easy to guess the question her heart would ask.

"Our precious little Marie has been taken to the old convent, Elizabeth. But no prison walls can keep out God's light, so let us take courage. Adrien now suffers for the faith."

"Where?" the mother cried, the names were strange but she knew they belonged to her long lost children.

"My friend, I can scarcely bear to tell you. He has been condemned to the galleys for life!"

"For life!" the mother repeated with trembling lips. "As his father suffered" she added quietly. "Our beloved Pastor Raubaut once succeeded in penetrating our gloomy prison and told me of your adoption of my little ones, of my dear husband's escape and death. It was indeed a miracle."

Yes, it had been a miracle indeed that Paul Arnaud, cast from the galley as a worthless slave whom death was about to claim, should have been tossed by the waves into the very arms of those who loved him.

With wonder the Huguenot friends had found him on the shore and tenderly nursed him back to life.

Later, at Jacques Moran's warning he

had tried to reach the old Grey Inn but was able to go no further than where Adrien found him.

Through all those years how often had the father's heart yearned for a sight of this, his only son, and how graciously this longing was fulfilled!

"And I, dear Elizabeth, can tell you more!" the other exclaimed, and in a few words she recounted the story of Paul Arnaud's death as she had recently learned it from Jean.

"His hands rested in blessing on our boy, did you say, Isabel?" her friend asked wistfully. "And you think he really knew his son?"

"Jean assured me that no one beholding your husband's face could doubt it. Here, too, is a precious legacy," she added, "which I gladly return," and she placed the little Testament in Mme. Arnaud's hands. Tears filled her eyes as she recognized it and pressed it to her lips.

All this time the Captain was regarding his passengers with much interest. Now he approached them.

"I see that you need no introduction, my ladies," he said, looking at their happy faces. "I was fearing that I had two patients, but now, with the aid of old Neptune, I believe you will be strong again in a short time," and, shaking the hand of each most heartily, he left them.

Lady Isabel said nothing of Marie's sad part in her story, and with loving hearts the two friends committed her unto Him who is mighty to save.

Nearly twenty years had elapsed since Lady Isabel had so innocently betrayed her friend's hiding-place at the old Grey Inn, but she had never ceased her longing to ask that friend's forgiveness. As she had watched her torn from her husband's arms and hurried into captivity she had resolved to leave the world, devoting her life to the helpless children whom she had robbed of

their parents' care; and no veiled nun had ever kept her vow more faithfully.

Now the two friends again stood face to face, and Lady Isabel realized the forgiveness of which she had so long been assured.

A few months more in the Tower of Constance and the name of Elizabeth Arnaud would have swelled the long roll of heroic women who have suffered and died within its walls.

Not any too soon had come the royal pardon, secured through the intercession of a German princess, the guest of France.

Pardoned, yet exiled, so the order ran, but only too happy were the friends of Mme. Arnaud to send her to a home beyond the sea.

She went out not knowing whither she went, but she trusted in Him who would go before her to search her out a resting-place, and she was not to be disappointed.

As the weeks rolled by the Captain's prophecy was partly fulfilled. His two passengers had rapidly improved, but though the color had returned to Lady Isabel's face, Mme. Arnaud's still bore the sad traces of her long imprisonment.

The Captain had installed himself as their teacher in English, and before the long voyage was over his pupils had acquired a considerable knowledge of the language.

True, their English might be described as very Scotch to cultivated ears, but this made it all the more admirable to both Sandy and his Captain.

Their text book had been the Testament of Paul Arnaud, whose history had deeply interested the teacher, and as the words were slowly repeated many solemn memories came to him—memories of a mother's counsel, little valued when given, but now very precious to the old Captain's heart.

All who suffered for righteousness' sake had been very dear to his mother,

and it was especially on this account that the Captain had so often lent secret aid to the Huguenot Church, though their courage and nobility had always commanded his sincerest admiration.

The voyage was a new experience to both ladies, but the long, peaceful days, with the consciousness that they were sailing with Him "who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand," was very delightful and inspiring.

One day they asked the Captain to meet with them in consultation over their future plans.

"Will not these be of good service, Captain McTavish?" asked Lady Isabel as he joined them; and the contents of her bag were poured out before his astonished gaze.

"Service, my dear lady!" he cried. "Why every gem is a fortune. Now I need no longer fear for you. Sandy was for taking you both home with him, and I am sure his good wife would heartily welcome you, but I see now you are quite independent of us. Let me congratulate you on your good fortune," and so saying he strode hastily to share the news with his friend Sandy. Later, when the Baron's old letter was placed in his hands, his joy knew no bounds.

"Wonders will never cease, my ladies!" he exclaimed. "Our very first stop will be at Arbroath, near which is the estate of this very William Arroch, and I doubt not that the laird will gladly fulfill his grandsire's wishes and give you a good welcome.

"Ah, my ladies, I am beginning to think that you and my old mother are right. There is a God who shows himself strong in behalf of those who trust in Him," and, dashing a tear from his eye, he hastily left them.

It was with keen regret that the ladies thought of their parting with this kind friend, leaving him, too, "having no hope and without God in the world."

But surely his case was well known in the courts above; too often had his mother's prayers ascended, for his name to be a strange one there. In the heavenly records his story was indelibly written, and though the answer might tarry long it would surely come.

It was their last night at sea. Although the Captain had said good night, he still lingered.

"My ladies," he suddenly exclaimed, as with a great effort, "I must tell you all. Sandy and I have signed the papers and the deed is done!"

Then answering their look with a smile he added: "You see, my ladies, you said that although the hulk was old and battered, the great Owner would never give up his claim, and that but for His love it might have gone down long ago. I knew, my ladies, how unseaworthy the old ship was, and when I remembered you said the harbor was close at hand, it seemed well nigh madness to pass it by. Ah, my ladies, if He reached all the way from heaven to earth to save me from destruction, it seemed but a small thing for me to close in with His gracious offer. And when I minded the story of Paul's shipwreck we read together last night, I just flung out the anchor and said with Paul, 'I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me;' that is, just what He has told me in the Book. So ever since, my ladies, I have been sure that I was in a safe harbor, and the anchor would hold to all eternity, for, as you said it is faith in the faithful One who loved me and gave himself for me, and Sandy bids me say that he has moored his barque near mine." Then, as if frightened at his long speech or ashamed of his unwonted emotion, the Captain did not wait for their reply, but hurried to his nightly duties. And deeply thankful over the Captain's story, the two friends took fresh courage for Marie in her distant convent.

The ship now lay at anchor not far from the shores of Arbroath, beyond which the ruins of the old abbey were dimly visible, the famous "Round O" which for so many centuries had welcomed the sailor home.

As the ladies viewed the waves, so wildly dashing against the cliffs, and then turned towards the sparkling, moon-lit waters, it seemed a picture of their own lives, past and present.

"What will our future be, dear Elizabeth?" at last said Lady Isabel. "One thing we are sure of, dearest—is it not so? He will be there to welcome us! For when He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them."

"Yes, dear one, and 'goodness and mercy follow after.' Surely He must already have searched us out a place to pitch our tent!" and the faces of both showed the infinite satisfaction which this thought bestowed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Gospel Catechism.

THE new Evangelical Catechism, which has been prepared by the Protestant churches of England, has met with the approval of Christians of all denominations. It is not intended to take the place of the Shorter Catechism, or of any other creed or formula. But it gives a clear statement of the consensus of doctrine among Christians of all denominations. The Roman Catholic Church and the heathen world at home and abroad imagine that because there are different forms of worship in various Protestant churches, there is, therefore, no unity of faith, no common ground of belief among Christians. This Catechism is a complete refutation of the oft repeated statement that Protestants are divided in the essentials of the Christian faith.

It is outside the mark to compare it with the catechisms of the various

churches. They are adapted to the standards and special features of the denominations, and the essentials of the Christian faith are found in all of them. But this Evangelical or Gospel Catechism is the most compendious that has been published. It presents the saving faith of eighty millions of people, and as such it is an object lesson to the world at large.

The Protestant religious press generally commends the Catechism. The *Missionary Review of the World* says in its issue for this month: "If a consensus (like this Catechism) could displace the different creeds in the mission field, the blessing would be incalculable. To present one united doctrinal front in dealing with the heathen and Moslem world would do much to disabuse the minds of the unchristianized peoples of the notion that the principal feature of Christian churches is their divisions and dissensions. To publish some such Catechism in every language on earth as the *common creed* of all true believers could, as it seems to us, do only good."

We are confident that the effect of the perusal of this Catechism by Roman Catholics will be most beneficial. Priests especially will be surprised and pleased at its simplicity and directness. We would like to send a copy to every priest in the United States.

With the Catechism is published the tract, "Working Out and Working for Salvation," which will attract the attention of all Roman Catholics. Another tract, "Salvation for All," is bound in the same booklet. These choice and inexpensive tracts will do incalculable good if widely circulated among Roman Catholics. The three in one booklet can be sent for ten cents or separately for five cents each. For one dollar 12 booklets can be sent to one address; or 50 copies of the tracts separately. We earnestly hope to receive co-operation in the circulation of these excellent tracts.

LIFE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC MONASTERIES.

BY AUGUSTINE BAUMANN, FORMERLY "FATHER AUGUSTINE," OF THE
PASSIONIST MONASTERY, HOBOKEN, N. J.

CHAPTER XIV.

I have frequently mentioned the practice of mortifying the eyes. The monastic rules regarding the visual organs are similar to practices that exist among the Buddhists. A Buddhist reaches his highest state of perfection when he stands motionless looking at the tip of his nose, and a Buddhist novice is specially cautioned to keep his eyes well fixed on the ground about six feet before him. The Buddhists do this to accomplish their divine transformation; the Roman Catholic monks do it under another pretext, namely, to become perfect. At bottom both reasons are identical and constitute only two ways of saying the same thing. That this practice is utter nonsense must be apparent to any sensible man, for only such as are beguiled by monkish inventions can believe that a man becomes more perfect by not looking up from the ground and treating his eyes as if he had no use for them.

By mortification of the eyes the Passionists mean more especially that we were not to look in any one's face. When the novices went to recreation, they were obliged to fix their eyes carefully on the ground; the master might speak to them, they might converse with their companions, or be brought into the presence of any one and they would have to keep their eyes down. This was considered saintly, pious and holy. It is one of the most difficult practices of the novitiate. I found it comparatively easy to acquire all the other habits, and even to give myself a sound beating with the discipline, but for many months I could not keep my eyes in the desired position, and I believe I passed the whole novitiate without giving complete satisfaction on this head. When I least thought of it, I would unconsciously lift up my head, my eyes would naturally wander, and I would look the master or a novice in the face. I had the excuse that my fault was not altogether voluntary, though I was well punished for it.

I was also aware that with most of the other novices the practice was likewise difficult. One or two succeeded in holding their eyes fairly steady at the required angle, and escaped many of the penances which the delinquents received. I remember on one occasion I asked the master how it was that we were obliged to learn an ejaculation which was entitled, "When you see the sky," and yet we were forbidden to look up to the sky. He was not at all puzzled about it, for he settled the question by commanding me to make three lines on the ground with my tongue in punishment for my impertinent query. On another occasion the master rebuked me for not seeing some cobwebs which had grown on the ceiling of my room; that same day he was speaking to all the novices about mortification of the eyes and related how it is stated that St. Bernard lived ten years in his cell without knowing it was arched or covered with a flat ceiling, so great was his mortification of the eyes, said he. I then ventured to say that he must have had many cobwebs on the roof of his cell

after such a length of time. This remark was looked upon as tremendously sacrilegious, and I was on the point of being expelled for it. We were to take everything unquestioningly, and I had for the moment forgotten that important rule of the novitiate.

The effort to mortify the eyes, or rather keep them fixed on the ground, becomes positively painful in the course of time, and I really believe that it conduces more than anything else to make some novices eccentric to the verge of madness. If any one wishes to find out how painfully distressing the practice is, let him just try it for a few hours. At the end of that time his head will be dizzy and his eyes perhaps sore from the unnatural effort. Yet this is one of the principal means for attaining perfection which the monks impose on the novices and junior members. In my judgment it is calculated to make them idiotic instead of perfect.

As previously stated, the greatest penalty was attached to seeing a human face. Every evening we had to report to the master on the number of faces we had seen. If we had seen three faces, our punishment was a prohibition from receiving communion, which was supposed to be the greatest penance the master could inflict. The master's face alone counted for three, and if we saw any other he might give us any penance he could think of. The monks have an idea that the most dangerous thing to see is a human face, especially that of a young woman. Danger enters through the eyes, was one of the most commonly repeated maxims in the novitiate, and long after I left it; and so long as a monk refrained from looking at women or girls, so long was it believed that he would remain a good monk. But the moment he broke the rule and looked into the face of even an old woman there might be danger in that look. The biographer of St. Paul of the Cross says in the twenty-ninth chapter of the life of the founder of the Order: "The saint was so modest and chaste, he would not have raised his eyes without believing that he had committed a serious fault, and it could reasonably be said that he would rather have his eyes plucked out than have them fixed on the face of a woman."

This is the secret why monastic founders are so particular about mortification of the eyes. They argue that if a monk acquires the habit of always keeping his eyes down and of never looking into any one's face, he will also be tolerably sure not to look into the eyes of women or be tempted by their lovely faces. Was there ever a more ridiculous doctrine or principle invented? If the monks had laid it down that we should gouge out our eyes, then there would be some reason for believing the operation might be effective. But if the celibacy of monks is to be guarded principally by their practice of mortification of the eyes, then their chastity rests on a very flimsy foundation. A few years after leaving the novitiate no monk will mortify his eyes so as not to look at a fair visitor, friend or penitent. What then becomes of their boasted celibacy? I honor the monk who gives up the unnatural practice of holding his eyes on the ground, who looks at his fellow beings, male or female, when he meets them, and is not afraid of losing his virtue when he speaks to a woman. But I despise the hypocritical monk who after imposing on young novices and making all the world believe that he is a saint by the way he holds his eyes, has broken his secret promises to poor girls who have trusted

him and still continues preaching and teaching mortification of the eyes to those who in their innocence and simplicity have been so far imposed upon as to enter the monastery, believing that everything such men say is true. A few monks maintain the custom, and they may be seen going about with their eyes averted or down on the ground. But they do not appear thereby to become better men ; they rather look more idiotic than is natural even for a monk. Insincerity, deception and hypocrisy are generated by the monkish rule of the mortification of the eyes.

Somewhat akin to the practice of mortifying the eyes, is the rule of never speaking to women when alone with them or out of sight of a companion or superior. The rule is of course strictly observed by the novices, for no women are allowed to come near them, and the novice can never go to the parlor, much less outside of the monastery, unattended. But what the junior monks are commanded to do is not always observed by the seniors. The latter, especially the sleek and fat monks, are often found in the parlor talking for hours at a time with women, young and old, and no superior or brother near. But even in case an unfortunate monk were compelled to observe the rule, who is going to compel the superiors? They are men as well as the others, and they have more female friends than the juniors. I have known a superior who remained from four to five hours in the parlor and would not allow any one else to come near him for the purpose of seeing what he was doing. While the novices were inside practising mortification of the eyes and making lines on the floor, the superior had the keys of the door and locked himself in the parlor with a young lady to whom he not only spoke freely, but whom he tenderly and affectionately kissed in the most approved lover's fashion. It is not right perhaps to tell tales out of school, and because this superior kissed the girls, I do not mean to imply that all do it ; some are too old, and I doubt whether any decent girl would accept their advances. But it shows how doctrine is one thing and practice another ; how all the precautions taken by monastic founders to counteract the natural sentiments and instincts of the human race are idle and vain. One cannot help observing how absurd and cruel are these rules when imposed upon young boys in the novitiate, while men of thirty or more have perfect freedom to disregard them as they please.

The custom of not speaking alone to women is therefore as futile in its operation as any of the other practices in vogue. Let any woman try it and she will find the monks who have attained maturity wherever they are to be found most ready to speak to her and to converse as long as she is willing. Yet when we were novices we were practically prohibited from speaking or writing to our mothers. A letter was allowed only two or three times a year, and then it was always read by the superior before he sent it. This censorship was supposed to serve a threefold purpose ; first, we could not write anything worldly ; secondly, we could not write to the girls some of us might possibly have left behind us ; and, thirdly, we were thereby supposed to be trained to an unworldly spirit and accustomed to be very reserved and guarded in our intercourse with the world, and especially with women. But, as I have said, it did not work in nine cases out of ten, and at most it served to beget a habit of dissembling.

There are some people who may imagine that I am giving an exaggerated account or false color to the facts, but I know well that what I am saying is only the truth and the very moderate truth. These practices have only one effect, and that is to unman and demoralize a person's character altogether. In Louisville we had a very large walk attached to the monastery, as it was some distance out in the country. It often happened that people came on a visit to the monastery or to the chapel, and then the students had an opportunity of showing whether they were gentlemen. But they were forbidden to speak to any seculars, more especially women. Was it not ridiculous on such occasions to see a young student hurry away from the sight of an old woman who might have been his grandmother? I have seen incidents of that kind more than once, and I felt myself in a very awkward position when people would come and ask for passing information which I could not give because I was not supposed to look at them or to answer them.

That all these precautions and barbarous practices are useless is clearly proved by the fact that if monks want to leave the monastery and pay visits by day or night they can always find a means of doing it in spite of all the vigilance of the superiors. Human nature cannot long endure tyranny of that kind, especially when no useful purpose is served. Instead of making monks more perfect than other people, such customs make them more idiotic, take away their manliness and leave them stupid, lazy, useless drones, or repugnant, dishonest hypocrites.

While I was at Pittsburg I received only one visit, and that was from my mother. Though I had not seen her for a long time, I was afraid to look into her face for fear of breaking the rule. I leave it to any reasonable man to make his own comment upon such training.

CHAPTER XV.

It is well known that in the Roman Catholic Church confession is quite a common thing; every one knows about it and every one practises it in some form. But the monks go a step further; they have confessions in private and in public, in the choir and refectory. The most peculiar performance is the public confession in the refectory. It is still called "Culpa" in this country after the Italian fashion and means that for any fault of a public nature the friar has to accuse himself in the presence of his brethren. The "Culpa," therefore, while no very pleasant thing for the performer, is very often a means of considerable amusement to the observers. The way it is said is very impressive. The culprit waits until evening when all the brethren have entered the refectory and seated themselves for the usual meal. Then he goes out into the corridor where a large black wooden cross is permanently hung up. It is known as the culprit's cross. He takes it on his shoulders and fixing his eyes on the ground marches solemnly into the refectory and proceeds to kneel down before the superior. There he accuses himself in a loud voice before God, before the angels of heaven and before the whole community of whatever misfortune has befallen him. The accusation is preceded by a general formula to the effect that he was very unmortified in his senses and especially in his eyes, that he had committed many faults against holy poverty, charity, and

obedience ; and then he accuses himself specifically of the thing for which he has to say "Culpa." It may be for breaking a plate, coming late into choir at matins, or because he had made some blunder in reciting the psalms. Whatever the particular subject is he mentions it without hesitation and speaks loud enough for all to hear. The superior, if he is in the humor, gives him a sound scolding or repeats some hackneyed spiritual advice and then imposes upon him some penance, such as saying an "Our Father" or a "Hail Mary." If the fault be something of importance, such as grave disobedience or disrespect to superiors, the penance is more severe. The "Culpa" is a practice kept up by the professed monks as well as by the novices. The professed have to say "Culpa" every Friday evening, whether they have been guilty of any fault or not. It is always assumed that a monk cannot pass the week without breaking the rules and regulations dozens of times, and the "Culpa" is supposed to be an adequate reparation. It often happens that the monks also have to make a similar confession in choir on Friday when the rector holds a chapter. It is looked upon as a previous purification, and also serves to humble each individual friar. The practice for the most part becomes a mere routine observance, and a friar thinks no more of what he is saying or doing at "Culpa" than when he is at prayer. He says it or does it because such is the custom and every one else does the same.

The only time when there is a little sting to it is when the "Culpa" has to be said out of the ordinary time for special offence against holy poverty, such as breaking a window or smashing something in the kitchen. Injury done to furniture of any kind can only be repaired by saying "Culpa" and carrying, if possible, the furniture around the neck. In my time I saw monks with every imaginable article around their necks at different times, from a holy water font to a flower vase, chair, table, clock, hat or trousers. When a monk who had been out for a walk or on a visit returned to the monastery later than the time allowed by the terms of his permission he was obliged to say "Culpa," and sometimes this was as annoying as any penalty that might be imposed.

The novices, however, have to say "Culpa" almost every day. By rule they are bound to the performance twice a week, but the master may enjoin it for any trivial reason, or for no reason at all. They also get more severe penances for every little misdemeanor, such as making lines or saying "Hail Marys" with the hands under the knees. When a novice oversleeps himself, he is obliged to carry the blanket of his bed over his shoulder and accuse himself of his fault in that outfit before the whole community. If it were not too heavy, I have no doubt they would also be obliged to carry the mattress tied about their necks. It is no wonder that the queer things imposed upon the novices should afford considerable amusement to the older friars, and the more entertaining it is for them, the more distressing it is for the juniors, who have to run the gauntlet of the community with bags, torn shirts, blankets etc., around their necks.

But sometimes the "Culpa" also becomes a means by which an old superior is humbled before his community. I have seen several instances of this, and I recall them with satisfaction. A certain superior who had repeatedly acted meanly towards my fellow students and myself was called

up by a higher superior in real earnest on one of the last occasions that I saw him, and he was rebuked, not merely for contemptuous disrespect of his own subjects, but he was told that his conduct had been ambitious, worldly and scandalous. I think the whole community enjoyed the punishment he received for his insolent conduct. So far there is real democracy in a community of monks, as long as their organization is intact and discipline maintained. A superior may be punished just as well as an inferior, and his penalty is usually more severe. Much as I disliked the practice of "Culpa," I had no objection to it when an unpopular superior had to go through it himself and taste some of the annoyance he had inflicted upon his inferiors.

The "Culpa" is very often connected with another practice, that of eating one's meals on the floor. To children I suppose it does not come very unnatural or hard to sit about on the floor, but when we see old monks or grown up men doing it, we look upon the proceeding as rather extraordinary. It is no doubt outside of the ordinary in a civilized country and on the part of persons supposed to have Christian parents and a Christian education. The monks, however, glory in doing anything out of the common, and eating on the floor is a case in point. They do not impose it upon novices or seniors as an amusement, it is true; it is all done to aid the individual monk in his striving after perfection. How perfection is attained by a monk making a holy show of himself and sitting on the floor in the middle of the refectory to eat his dinner is a mystery which requires explanation. The custom is looked upon as very sacred. Each monk has to do it about ten times a year, during some sacred novenas, and he has also to keep silence the whole day on which he takes his meal on the floor and say "Culpa" in the evening.

Among the novices the practice of taking meals on the floor is more common than with the older monks, and it is accompanied by the additional mortification of having to beg one's bread. The novice would move about on his knees from one monk to another as they were seated at the table, and with one end of his napkin tied to his neck he would ask for a slice of bread for God's sake. Before he had finished, his napkin would be full of bits of every description and he would have bread enough for a week. When the begging for bread is over, the novices seat themselves on the floor as comfortably as they can before the place where they usually sit at table. One leg is crossed over the other, and the brother who serves brings a plate of soup. The novice keeps his knife and fork on one side and his spoon on the other, as well as a glass, all on the floor. The brother with the beer comes around and fills his glass with beer. When two pittances are served to the community, the one who eats on the floor must take only one; and if he finishes the meal before the others he must get on his knees and remain kneeling until the superior by a rap on the table gives him a sign to arise.

Eating on the floor is not at all comfortable. It is so easy to spill the soup or the beer or to cut one's self with a knife; and these accidents are not at all rare. Some monks seem to have a knack of making themselves comfortable on the floor, but I always found it not only tiresome but positively painful. I would arise after twenty minutes in that position per-

flectly stiff and with pains in my back. But there is one consolation, namely, that the rule for eating on the floor is universal. Superiors may have to submit to it as well as their inferiors, and for many a monk it is a keen delight to see the superior who has persecuted him performing the same penance as himself. The only ones excused from the practice are those who happen to be travelling or giving missions when a sacred novena is going on, though I believe the founder, St. Paul of the Cross, was often seen eating on the ground in the cities and towns of Italy.

When one has to eat on the floor, he is also bound not only to go to the kitchen after the meal is over and wash his own dishes, but those of the whole community. There is nothing ignoble in the practice of washing dishes, for somebody has to do it; but the priests do not like it. They gradually come to look upon themselves as sacred persons entitled to receive the respect of the Roman Catholic people, and they do not like to be seen sitting on the floor taking their meals or washing the dishes. The latter is a task they specially dislike, and when they can escape it they do so. Sometimes five or six have to take their meals on the floor at the same time, and as all cannot wash the plates, the seniors are only too willing to leave the kitchen without having to bother with the dish water.

There are about seven or eight novenas during which it is obligatory to eat on the floor and to wash the dishes. One of them is in progress nine days before Christmas and another nine days before Whit Sunday. At the beginning of the novena the novices or students cut as many slips of paper as there are members in the community, and a day is written on each slip with some peculiar penance to be performed while eating on the floor. These slips are then drawn and each one thus gets the day assigned for his special observance. It implies that he must keep silence the whole day under every provocation. Even if the superior speaks to him he cannot reply. The superiors make it a special practice to try to catch one unawares, and then if the poor fellow answers, he must accuse himself before the whole community at night, and he gets a special penance for it. If on his day of silence he breaks it too often, he may be ordered by the superior to keep silence a second day. In such a case he is allowed to join the other monks at recreation, and while he may not speak he is permitted to listen to the conversation of the others. Thus novena is always a season when the whole community gets a thorough stirring up. All have to say "Culpa," eat on the floor once, wash the dishes, and keep profound silence for one day. Strange as it may seem, some monks find it very difficult to keep silence. After years of life in the monastery, and when they are supposed to have the virtue of keeping silence to perfection, they find it more difficult than when they began. How is this to be explained? I would be perplexed perhaps if I did not know the secrets of monastic life. Whatever is unnatural is a constant strain upon a man, and it is therefore no wonder that the longer this strain is kept up the more eager men become to shirk it and to resume their natural habits. Such is the case with silence as with many other monastic practices. Sooner or later the mind revolts against all these ridiculous practices, and men long to return to their natural condition.

Dorothy Drew's Visit to Queen Victoria.

MR. William E. Gladstone, who died last year at the age of eighty-nine, was one of the great statesmen of England. What is better, he was a noble Christian and a good man. He was very happy in his home life, and next to his good wife the brightest jewel in his domestic circle was his granddaughter, Dorothy Drew. The family lived in a great house called Hawarden Castle, and every day when Mr. Gladstone was at home he played with Dorothy and taught her lessons in the Bible. She had other teachers for secular studies, but "grandpapa" was the best for religious instruction.

After Mr. Gladstone's death Queen Victoria sent for Dorothy, of whom she had heard as the child that had given so much pleasure to the great statesman. When Dorothy returned home she told all her friends about her delightful visit to the Queen, and they said she ought to write it down and send it to a paper for publication. This she did, and the following is the experience of this remarkable little girl:

Dorothy's first view of Windsor Castle (Queen Victoria's residence) from the train moved her to reflect that it was "just as nice as our castle." Then she came very near getting excited, the two white horses and the royal carriage that came to meet them, with the footman behind and the groom on horseback in front, pleasing her very much. And when Princess Beatrice (the Queen's daughter) met them at the door Dorothy, forgetting that queens do not meet their subjects on doorsteps, imagined that the Princess was her Majesty. Dorothy still relates how she and her mother had a little sitting-room and a bed room, with big fires, and with the bed all made, just as if they were

going to stay all night; how they went down to luncheon with the "grown-ups," and how "the one who sat by me" was very nice.

"Have you ever met the Queen before?" the lady-in waiting asked Dorothy.

"No, I have not."

"Haven't you ever seen her?" the lady repeated.

"Oh, yes, I have seen her, but she has not seen me."

Then Dorothy relates how she went down the long corridor to put on her new white frock and her silk gloves, and how a grand servant all dressed in red came to say that the Queen was waiting.

"The Indian man whom the Queen likes very much," was at the door, and the next moment Dorothy stood before the great Queen whom her "grandpapa" had served for sixty years. To Dorothy she was just another woman like her grandmamma, with a white cap on her head, and Dorothy courtesied and kissed her, and told her her name was "Dorsie"; that she called Mr. Gladstone "grandpapa"; that they all had pet names at the castle, and so on, and so on, and many interesting pet names were revealed on both sides.

"The Queen put on her glasses and asked me to go to the other side of the room, so that she could see me better," Dorothy explains, "and then she took a little jewel case and said, 'This is for you.'

"I opened it, and saw a darling little brooch, with a diamond V and a diamond R and a turquoise, and a little crown at the top made of red enamel. I courtesied and kissed her hand and said, 'Thank you very much.' She looked very nice and kind, and I liked her very much."

Then the Queen kissed the little debutante again, and Dorothy and her mother returned to town.

Letter From Father Lambert.

WE heartily thank the friends who aided Father Lambert to return to Jamaica to wind up his affairs there preparatory to his departure for Porto Rico. A letter received from him on his arrival in Jamaica the first of June says:

"My voyage has been uneventful. The sea was at times rough, and the boat 'on ballast' rolled a good deal. As I was the only passenger I had time to muse; and my trust is in God that the way will soon open for the matters we discussed in New York.

"I know you do not like thanks; yet I cannot let the present occasion pass without expressing once more my gratitude for all that you have done for me during my last sojourn in New York. May the good Lord bless you and render to you everything a hundredfold.

"Sincerely yours in Christian bonds,

"A. LAMBERT."

Brother Lambert is right regarding "thanks." Christ's Mission has been a blessing to many priests like our beloved brother, and all thanks, praise, honor and glory must be rendered to Him whose name it bears.

In order that he may begin the work of God in Porto Rico with a stout heart and with mind free from care and anxiety, our brother Lambert will need one thousand dollars. This Christ's Mission has promised to provide for him. We hope that sum will be received during the next two months. Large or liberal donations are not expected, but a general contribution in which all who are interested in this work can share will easily make up the amount required. Therefore we hope every friend of Christ's Mission will send an offering. Contributions can be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Jane E. Campbell, or to the Pastor of Christ's Mission, James A. O'Connor, 142 West Twenty-first Street, New York.

The Converted Catholic for Summer.

Although greatly needing a rest and change, and a cessation of labor during the months of summer, we shall continue the publication of this Magazine as usual; and with the articles on hand and the matter prepared we are confident the hot weather numbers will be as interesting to our readers as any that have been issued. This Magazine, like the work of Christ's Mission, has found a permanent place in the hearts of many Christians who we believe are among the elect. We only wish their number could be doubled and quadrupled. If each of our present readers would forward us the name and address of a friend and one dollar, the Magazine would be sent to the new subscriber for eighteen months—that is, until the end of the century.

A whole page could be written on the fascination of such an offer. But there it stands in a few lines—one dollar pays for a new subscriber until the beginning of the year 1901. And to every one who sends us a new subscriber we will forward copies of the "Marked New Testament" and the booklet on "Salvation and the Gospel Catechism."

Here is a very practical way to help on this work and do great good. To each of our readers we would say: Do not wait for others to do this, but take it upon yourself to be the first. That is the best way. The names of Roman Catholics, of course, can be included in the number. We have a special mailing book for our former friends, so that they cannot know the source of the favor that is bestowed upon them when they receive the Magazine. No greater kindness could be shown them than to send them *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* regularly. It is the best kind of missionary work, and will be productive of the best results.